

barrassed state, I do not like to ask for anything, but simply place this matter before you. It may be God will raise up some good friend, who will take a pleasure in fitting up our school-house, and thus do a good work which will bring its own reward. If some of the friends of Africa, and of education could only step into my school-room, and see the many disadvantages I labor under for the want of decent and convenient school furniture, I believe their compassion would prompt their generosity to aid us in improving this school-house.

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Coffee Growing in Brazil.

THE letters of our missionary friends often give us interesting information about foreign countries. Here is an example, in the Rev. F. J. C. Schneider's letter, written at Sao Joao de Rio Clara, Brazil, February 5th, 1863. It tells us how one of the common things in use amongst us is grown and prepared. We may well be reminded by our every day articles of comfort, regarded by most as articles of need, such as coffee and tea, that they have passed through the hands of people who greatly need in return the blessings of the gospel. In most of our families we are thus kept in remembrance of this, every morning and evening. Mr. Schneider says :

I have frequently thought that it might be interesting to you, and perhaps also to others, to read an account of the manner in which coffee, the principal product of this country, is raised and prepared for market. The greater part of this letter shall therefore be devoted to an account of these.

The coffee is, first, generally planted in nurseries, and when it has reached a height of one or two feet, which it does in a year or two, it is transplanted into the place which it is to occupy permanently. In order to avoid, as much as possible, the frosts (for the plant or tree is very sensitive to cold), the coffee plantations are always on hills.

When three years old, the trees begin to bear, and with a little care in keeping

the ground about them clear of weeds, will continue to bear from twenty-five to thirty-five or even forty years. When full grown, it is a tree, or rather bush, of from ten to thirteen feet in height. Its leaves are dark green, in shape much like a peach leaf, but broader; its blossoms are pure white. Of both I enclose specimens. It blossoms two and even three times per year; all within a few months of each other: but it bears fruit but once. Few things can be more beautiful than a coffee hill in full bloom. The odor, too, that is exhaled is very sweet. But in less than twenty-four hours, both the blossoms and the delightful odor pass away.

The coffee berries grow close to the limbs or twigs of the tree without any stem. When ripe they are of a beautiful red color, and about the size and shape of a cranberry. They do not all ripen at once, hence there are two or three gatherings each year. From each tree may be gathered, in a good year, from half a bushel to a bushel of berries—equal to from seven to fourteen pounds of coffee. Sometimes, however, a single tree will yield five bushels of berries.

When the berries have been gathered, they are first spread out to dry, and then the outside skin or hull is separated from the kernel either by running the dried berries between two mill-stones, or by crushing them under immense wheels, similar to the manner in which flax-seed is crushed in the United States; or they are run through a machine somewhat similar to a threshing machine in the United States. In the latter case they are first put into large vats with water, in order that the skin may first in a measure decay, and thus become tender. The broken hulls are then separated from among the kernels by means of wind-mills. The coffee is then washed and picked, and is then ready for market.

In the *Foreign Missionary* for July 1862, a letter was published which I wrote at Limena, under date of March 8th. I stated in it that one planter, whose plantation is near where I am now writing, and which is not so large as some others in this neighborhood, last year sent to Santos three millions eight hundred and forty thousand pounds of coffee. This was an immensely exaggerated statement. I had then been but a few days in this

region, and was just riding over the coffee hill there spoken of, when the German who accompanied me, and who had been in this country over ten years, assured me that its owner had sent that amount of coffee to Santos the previous year. I asked him whether he was certain that it was so much, and he assured me positively that it was. I afterwards ascertained that he had at least sextupled the amount. Ybicaba is the largest coffee plantation in this region of country, and there, in a good year, are cleaned one million six hundred thousand pounds. It is but once or twice, however, that they have reached this figure. This was the product of some four hundred thousand trees.

Much anxiety has been felt of late as to the prospects of coffee culture in this and the adjoining provinces. An insect which had elsewhere done much injury to coffee plants, made its appearance in this province a few years ago. It is a very small white butterfly, which bores a small hole into the leaf and deposits its eggs there. This causes the leaf to fall off after a while, thus injuring the tree very much. Often it is almost impossible to find a single leaf on a tree that has not been stung by this insect.

The amount of damage thus done is enormous. It is estimated that from the seven hundred thousand trees now in Ybicaba, not six hundred thousand pounds of coffee will this year be gathered. As coffee is the principal article of export from this part of Brazil, indeed, I may say the *only* article that is exported, and as *everything*, except the principal articles of food and some cabinet ware, is imported, I can not imagine what is to become of the province of Sao Paulos and others, if the ravages of this insect do not cease. The only remedy that I have yet heard of as having been employed against them is that which one of the most intelligent fazendeiros or planters in this neighborhood employed. His plantation is only about nine miles from this village. I have been there frequently. He got the Catholic priest to come to his plantation, don his sacerdotal vestments, and, armed with a vessel of holy water and a brush, to go over his coffee hill, sprinkle the trees with the water and excommunicate the insects. With what effect I do not yet know.

In my next letter I will try to give some account of the colonization system as it is here in vogue.

Missions of Other Churches.

Missionary Labors among the Affghans.

PESHAWUR is the province of British India which occupies its extreme northwest corner, being situated between the Indus and the Khyber mountains, through which is the great Khyber Pass. The city of Peshawur lies about eighteen miles east from the eastern extremity of the pass. It is the point from whence Missionary efforts, in due time, shall advance into the uplands of Asia; and here the Church Missionary Society has planted a Mission, which, a few months back, was strong in able and devoted Missionaries. There were four on the spot—the Rev. Robert Clark, the Rev. Roger Clark, the Rev. T. Tutting, and the Rev. J. A. McCarthy. Of these, the second and third have been removed by

death from the scene of their earthly labors, while the fourth has been obliged to return home in broken-down health. Mr. Robert Clark alone remains on the field. May he be spared and supported until help comes from home!

It is pleasant to dwell upon remembrances of beloved friends who have crossed over the Jordan before us; and the labors of our Missionaries are the memorials which they leave us. "Their works do follow them." They seem to linger behind them for a little while, that we may be stirred up to follow their example. It is beneficial, therefore, when we can, to trace out their footsteps, and see what good men did for their Master before he took them to himself.

There is a Missionary of the American Presbyterian Board at Peshawur, the